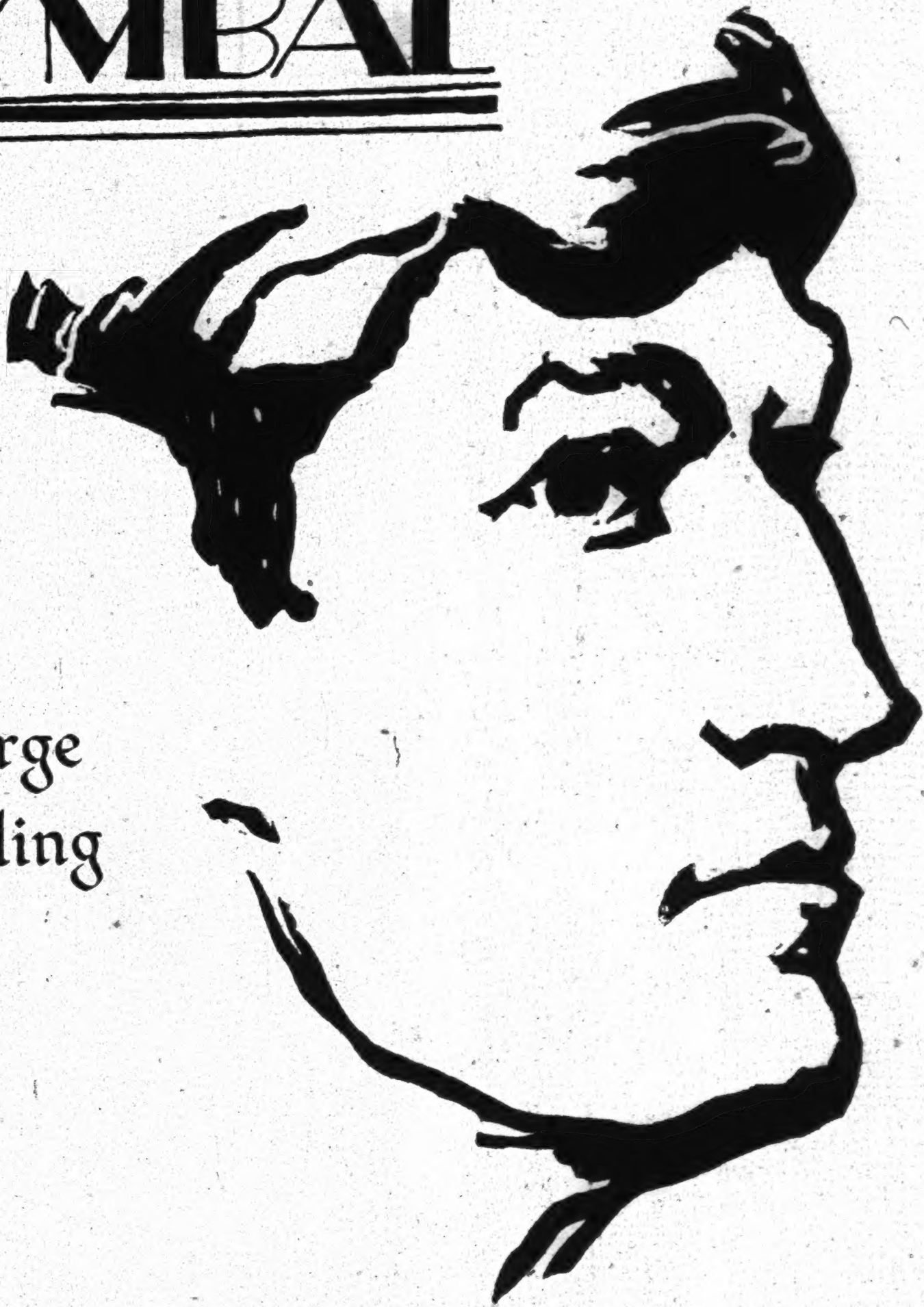


T H E
CARMEL
CYMBAL

NOV. 24
1926

TEN CENTS



George
Sterling

1869

1926

"ONE OF THE FAMILY" THIS WEEK'S SHOW

THE OFFERINGS of the Arts and Crafts Theater under the direction of George Ball, Rhoda Johnson and Dick Johnson do not come often enough in the opinion of the people of this community, who are looking forward with an exceptional anticipation to the production of "One of the Family" at the local playhouse on the evenings of Friday and Saturday of this week.

The Ball-Johnson organization have obtained the services of the best amateurs in town for the clever comedy and there are also others in the cast who are new to Carmel as far as their stage ability is concerned, but have proven their talents in other lines. Principally among these is Charles McMorris Purdy, who has done some clever critical work for eastern magazines and since coming to Carmel this last time has been almost a regular contributor to the columns of The Cymal. Purdy assumes the role of Henry Adams in the the Kenneth Webb play and it is believed he will fill the part admirably.

The "return to the stage" of Yodde Remsen is anticipated with delight by those who so delightfully remember her in The Follies and have seen her in privately and spontaneously arranged programs from time to time.

Others who make up the most promising cast brought together in many moons in Carmel are Marian Todd, Sally Maxwell, Kenneth Lyman, Constance Cole, Louise Walcott, Kissam Johnson, Barry Parker and Harry Allen.

MEMORIAL SERVICES HELD HERE FOR MRS. GRACE W. BATES

Memorial services were held at the Bates home in Carmel last Wednesday morning for Mrs. Grace W. Bates who died at St. Luke's hospital in San Francisco on November 10.

The services were conducted here by Rev. Austin W. Chish, rector of All Saints church. The body was sent for burial to Westboro, Mass., where Mrs. Bates was born. She was 62 years old and leaves three sons—E. Monroe Bates, Calvin Bates and Belknap Bates.

ANNE MARTIN WESTERN HEAD OF WOMEN'S PEACE LEAGUE

Miss Anne Martin of Carmel has been named by Jane Addams of Chicago as the western regional director of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Miss Martin has recently returned to Carmel after visiting the opening sessions in Geneva of the League of Nations.

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Vanilla—Strawberry

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"FLYING DUTCH WOMEN" TO BE HEARD HERE

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN is traditional: the Flying Dutchwomen are alive to-day, and are coming to Carmel. Some of us know them already, those quiet and poised little adventurers Constance and Peronne Arntzenius, who have twice visited the town, driving in under some sheltering tree, unpacking their camp equipment, starting their blue smoke upward in the twilight. "And where have you been since I saw you last?" we ask them. "Back in Holland," they answer, or "Down on the Volga" or "With the Sioux Indians". "And where are you going next?" "We are going to Java next," they tell us quietly, "or East Africa: there are nice folk-songs in East Africa."

And then they tell you, always so quietly, of a long evening in the tepee of a Crow Indian chief. They couldn't talk a word of his language, but they sang Dutch folk songs to him and played on a guitar, and he sang Indian songs to them and played on a war drum, and the night outside was full of Indians crowding about to listen. He gave them his drum in exchange for a gay silk handkerchief he coveted, and they bring it out for you to hear its long subtle vibrations.

You who heard them at the Golden Bough one evening two or three years ago in a program of folk songs done in native costume will understand why he listened so happily. Their work is like that of the famous Fuller Sisters of England in that it makes its appeal both to the completely primitive and to the completely sophisticated—perhaps more than to the in-between. Its spontaneity might be that of happy children at play, but its adroitness, the sure touch that places its naive charm is that of the finished artist, firmly established within his self-imposed limitations.

There is a chance that they will be heard again at the Theatre of the Golden Bough within a few weeks. We hope so, for only they themselves can give us another evening of such curious delight.

—S. P.

DR. BURTON TO DIRECT M. I. T. DORMITORY PLANS

Dr. Alfred E. Burton of this city, first a dean of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has been appointed manager of plans for a quadrangle of dormitories to be built by alumni of the institute, according to an announcement in a Boston newspaper just received here. The appointment was announced following a joint meeting of the executive committee of the corporation and the alumni dormitory committee.

Dr. Burton, who is now in Boston, will

make his headquarters there for another year.

Groups of alumni in various sections of the country will build units of the quadrangle, among which will be the Dixie, Ohio, and Pacific Coast dormitories.

Dr. Burton, who is known to M. I. T. men throughout the world, went to the Institute in 1882 to be instructor in the department of civil engineering. In 1902 he was appointed first dean, serving in that capacity until his retirement in 1921.

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GEORGE BALL
PRODUCING
DIRECTOR

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY NIGHTS
NOVEMBER 26 AND 27
1 9 2 6

PERSONAL MENTION

MANY Carmelites attended the Stanford vs. California game on Saturday. Among those who attended: Miss Ernestine Renzel, Miss Katherine Klinkenberg, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton, Fred Godwin, James Doud, Ralph Todd, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bechdolt, Mrs. J. S. Cone, Ernest Schweninger, Herbert Heron, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Whitney

Mrs. Thomas Bickle has returned to Carmel after a week's visit in San Francisco.

Miss Tilly Polak was in San Francisco for a few days this week.

Martin Merle of Santa Clara University who wrote "The Light Eternal" which was played by Margaret Anglin and Henry Miller, is now in Carmel. He has just returned from an extensive trip around the world and expects to remain in Carmel for some time as he is planning to write a play here. He has taken the Firefly cottage.

Mrs. Reginald Denny entertained at a dinner at the Del Monte Hotel Sunday evening in honor of Mr. Denny's birthday. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Melville Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Tad Stinson, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Wilkinson, Mrs. Dorothy Wilson, Mrs. William Argo, Mr. Hank Mann, Mr. Byington Ford, and Mr. Leo Nomas. The table was beautifully decorated with a bank of flowers down the center and papers of the Soviet propaganda were at each place. Mr. Denny was presented with small replicas of red airplanes and racing cars.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Wilson of Texas and New York were the guests of Miss Constance Vander Roest over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Feldburg were in Carmel for a few days this week.

Mrs. Sara Deming was in Palo Alto for a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Benson of Whittier, California, were guests at La Playa this week.

Mrs. Crandall and Mrs. William Johnson who have been visiting Mrs. Hazel Flanders this week have returned to their home in Hollywood.

Miss Aline McKay of Victoria B. C. was the house guest of Mrs. Eric Wilkinson last week.

Stuart Walcott and T. O. Hawthorne went to San Francisco on business this week.

Miss Elizabeth Sampson is motoring up from Santa Barbara with Miss Orrie Groce

to spend Thanksgiving with her mother.

Miss Elizabeth White has gone to Los Angeles. She expects to remain there for about two weeks.

Herbert Heron and his daughter, Mrs. Constance Cole, have returned from a short trip to San Francisco.

Mrs. Margaret Swedberg of Providence, R. I., has returned to her father's home at Crockett after spending a week with her brother, William Titmas on a tour of the southern part of the state and also at his home here in Carmel.

Miss Helen Judson entertained at a bridge Saturday afternoon. Among the guests were the Misses Maude and Alice Snow, Martha Farwell, Audry Walton, Peggy Palmer, Vivian Higginbotham, Louise Prince, Helen Young, Anita Doud, Caroline Davidson, Helen Willard and Anita Whitney. Prizes were won by the Misses Maude and Alice Snow and Miss Audry Walton.

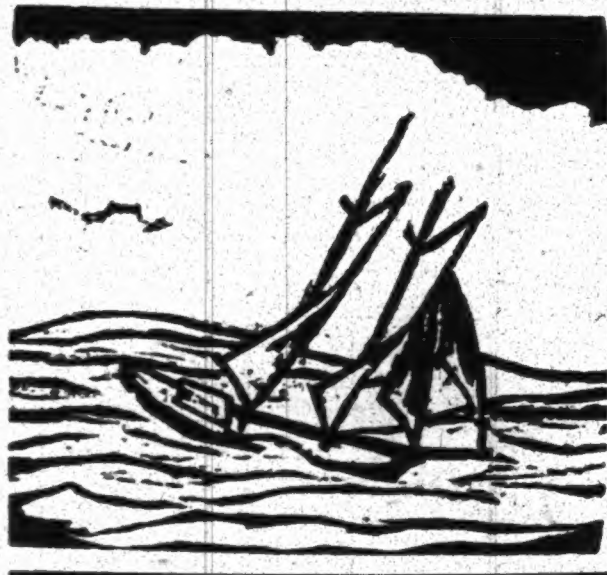
The guests this week at Highlands Inn were Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Martin, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Nichols, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Stone, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Schmut, Miss E. Marion, Miss A. Marion, Miss B. Marion, and Fred T. Hill Jr. of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Burdick, Mrs. W. G. Cochran, Mr. and Mrs. F. V. Kayser, of Los Angeles, Dr. and Mrs. Herbert E. Caffe of Pasadena, Mrs. R. B. Palten of Devone, Stella V. Baughn of Chicago, Mrs. J. P. Davenport of Santa Monica, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Beck of San Diego, James E. Kergan of San Jose, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. MacAlpine of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. M. Van Rensselaer of Lahoya Lodge, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Durbin Jr. of Salem, Oregon, Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Baldwin of Fresno, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hudson of Hollywood, Mrs. L. Lake of Washington, D. C., M. P. Brachs of Berkeley.

Guests at La Playa Hotel this week were Mr. and Mrs. H. W. King of Berkeley, Miss Olga Lesh of Newton Centre, Mass., Miss Alice Reynolds of Newton Highlands, Mass., Mrs. C. Tarbell Dudley of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. M. Tyesimord of Redlands, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Thomson of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Ross J. Wright of Pomona, Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Wafte of Claremont, Ellis Fainsworth, H. F. Bostwick and M. N. Reed of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. P. Campen of Long Beach, Mr. and Mrs. William Baird of Fresno, Marcus Mattson of Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Fisher of London, Dr. and Mrs. W. Clark of Ventura, Mr. and Mrs. Glenn D. Thomsson of Chicago, Mrs. C. D. Tenney of Palo Alto and J. P. Tenney, John C. Tupper of Berkeley, John P. Lanser of Seattle, Carl Wiedeman of San Francisco, F. More de la Forre of Madrid, M. J. Dillman of Lincoln, Cal.,

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. McMurry and Mrs. B. Williams of Los Angeles.

Guests at Pine Inn this week were Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Plesse of San Jose, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Hefner, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Ainge, J. C. Keesling, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Judge, Mr. and Mrs. George J. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Bliss Jr., A. N. Roop of San Francisco, George O. Brehin of Seattle, H. L. Callier of Seattle, Ernest L. Thayer of Santa Barbara, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Flagg of San Gabriel, W. J. Venard of San Jose, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Browne of Redwood City, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Shedd, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. McCarthy of Santa Barbara, Mrs. E. R. Driver of Medford, Ore., Mr. and Mrs. William Zigler of New York City, Mrs. L. C. Westlake of Hollywood, Mrs. Robert Wallace of New Castle, Pa., Mrs. T. Fell of Pasadena, Mrs. L. Sturtevant, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Heath of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Ladd of Berkeley, H. A. Stonelake of Oakland, Edward R. Kingsbury of Ogunquit, Me., Miss S. M. Clarke of Ogunquit, Me., Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Cass of Berkeley.



TRAIN SCHEDULES

Leaving Monterey

6:29 a.m.—For San Francisco. (Connects at Del Monte Junction with pullman car train from the South.)

9:05 a.m.—Del Monte Express for San Francisco.

10:10 a.m.—For Los Angeles. (Change at Del Monte Junction.)

3:15 p.m.—For San Francisco.

6:50 p.m.—For San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Arriving at Monterey

7:55 a.m.—From San Francisco and Los Angeles.

11:45 a.m.—From San Francisco.

6:25 p.m.—Del Monte Express from San Francisco.

8:18 p.m.—From Los Angeles.

9:45 p.m.—From San Francisco.

CARMEL BUSES

Leave Carmel. (Stage depot at San Carlos and Ocean Avenue) 8 a.m., 9:20 a.m., 11 a.m., 2:30 p.m., 5 p.m.

Leave Monterey 8:20 a.m., 12 m., 3:30 p.m., 6:25 p.m.

STATE BUSES

Leave Monterey

For San Francisco—8 a.m., 10 a.m., 1 p.m., 4:30 p.m. (via Santa Cruz.) For Santa Cruz only—7:15 p.m.

For Salinas—(Connecting with busses to points north and south.) 8 a.m., 9:55 a.m., 1:30 p.m., 4 p.m. (Sundays—9 a.m., 1 p.m., 5 p.m.)

CARMEL^{THE} CYMBAL

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VOLUME II NUMBER 21
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1926

**Notes and Comment**

HIS eye brushed the persistent and persisting coterie in the Carmel Personals column in the Peninsula Herald. "Merely Argo-naughts," he mused.

* * *

ALL the editorial comments in the world on the death of Eugene Debs will not be as eloquent as the following statement made by the man himself when he was sentenced to prison for obstructing the draft machinery of the United States government in the World War:

Your Honor, years ago I recognized my kinship with all living beings, and I made up my mind that I was not one bit better than the meanest of the earth. I said then, and I say now, that while there is a lower class, I am in it; while there is a criminal element, I am of it; while there is a soul in prison, I am not free.

* * *

THE most interesting and the most amusing feature of last week's Revolution in Carmel was not a part and parcel of the "outbreak" itself, but was the serious manner in which persons within the city and without it looked

upon the thing. How, by any stretch of a sensible conception, any one could have viewed the antics of the group of costume-clad, red-garbed, yelling men and women, or "boys and girls", who were the center of attention one whole day and most of one whole night and part of another day and night last week, with anything bordering on seriousness, is beyond belief. And yet there were many here in Carmel who did, and many outside of Carmel who did. Of course, those who read the San Francisco papers had some reason for their understanding of the farce because it was premeditated on the part of San Francisco newspaper correspondents here that the dailies who have had such journalistic sport with our town in the noisome Aimee case should be made the slightest bit ridiculous by falling for what can have no more dignified appellation than "a bunch of junk".

But there appeared at the Arts and Crafts theater last Wednesday night a half dozen or more citizens of Carmel who were expecting (some of them were hoping for) a serious demonstration against—well, what, is not very clear in the minds of any one connected with the joke. There were some there—one, at least—who were in a state of apprehension regarding the evening's affairs, and the next day two or three of those who are entrusted with the political care of the community were openly protesting against a further demonstration of lawlessness and turmoil.

And out of this lawlessness and turmoil the one person who has in any way been affected materially—and to his profit—is the man who was the unsuspecting cause of it all.

Whether Steve Glassell was named as mayor by the revolutionists as a tribute to his involuntary creation of the revolution is still a question, but it is not to be argued that he is about twenty dollars richer, estimating a decent profit on Basque hats which he happened to have in stock.

The person who discovered the supply

of Basque hats in Glassell's "Cabbages and Kings" may cheat his posterity out of fame by hiding his identity, but that they were discovered and that a demand was created for them out of a clear sky must go down in the social and political archives of Carmel. Two-seventy-five they sold for, and a score or more of them were sold for that. Charles Purdy happened to have brought one with him from France or Basque, wherever or whatever that is, and his was an original chapeau. The rest were imitations, but good imitations, and, once having the hats, there was need for something to warrant the wearing of them. Thus the revolution, and the manifesto, and the anthem, and the red flags, and the meeting at 10 o'clock last Wednesday night at the Arts and Crafts theater, and the stories in the newspapers and everything.

* * *

BUT as the fools of Shakespeare were so often the fathers of wisdom, it is not at all improbable that out of the gorgeously-ridiculous melee of last week there will sprout a tree of action that will throw a deep shade of gloom on the lives of those who would Babbittize Carmel and make it the perfect city of paved streets and motorcycle cops. The fact that some people were scared by the purposeless demonstration has created in the minds of the perpetrators an idea that

(Turn to Page Fourteen)

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**APPLY TO
HERBERT HERON
COURT OF THE SEVEN ARTS**



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WEST HAS CHANCE TO SEE "MIRACLE"

At the time Morris Gest decided to bring Max Reinhardt, the most outstanding figure in the theatre of Europe, to America for the first time several years ago to produce "The Miracle", he then had no idea of ever presenting this greatest of all music-drama-spectacles anywhere outside of New York City.

But so insistent were the demands from all the large cities of the country to have the production brought to them Mr. Gest set about to devise means for moving it and setting it up in its original design.

The result is that San Franciscans and the people of the towns in Northern California are to be given an opportunity for aesthetic enjoyment such as would not be encountered in a life time, for Mr. Gest has planned to present this elaborate feast of dramatic art for an engagement limited to three weeks at the Civic Auditorium, beginning December 27.

During its ten months run to capacity audiences in the Century theatre, New York, which was specially converted into a great Gothic cathedral interior for the purpose—the plans of the performances here calling for the same kind of transformation—"The Miracle" attracted thousands of people from all over the United States. They even came from Europe, where "The Miracle" had been presented by Professor Reinhardt, first in London and afterwards in Berlin, Stockholm, Vienna and fifteen other continental capitals, but on a less elaborate scale.

The cast headed by Lady Diana Manners has a well known Californian, Orville Caldwell, former University of California man, who plays the part of the Knight.

One famous critic has likened the pretentious drama to a vast kaleidoscopic film of pageantry set upon the stage and acted, not once for the camera, but performance after performance, with sustained enthusiasm by the greatest company of dramatic and musical artists the world has ever seen in one production.

MOSE STILL HERE

I M Mose the cat
Still in the race
I chased Snik to
The Chinese place
I smelt incense—
O, Holy Smoke!
I hustled out
About to choke,
And at the door
Stood Crunch the hound
I wish they'd put
Him in the pound
I'll have to scratch
Him "that is that"
Or I'm not Mose
The office cat.

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THE CRIME OF CREDULITY

HOW often it will happen that a word or phrase will detach itself from the subconscious mind and persistently demand attention. Sometimes it goes on and on, just below the threshold of consciousness, like the distant murmur of the ocean that is constantly heard yet seldom noticed. Then all of a sudden, one becomes aware of what is going on, and the conscious mind seizes upon the words and begins to investigate.

All through the morning a phrase kept coming up for attention and was steadily ignored by a conscious mind whose conscious energy was bent on polishing floors, mending stockings and planning meals. With all the persistence of the waves that beat upon the rocks, it rhythmically intoned: "The crime of Credulity—the crime of Credulity—the crime of Credulity."

Then suddenly the spotlight of consciousness was turned full upon the intruder and a distant scene flashed upon the memory—a large comfortable room, lined from floor to ceiling with books. There was a fire-place where the prunings from an apple orchard kept up a merry crackle and gave out a fragrance just sufficiently reminiscent of baked apples from the same trees.

Two or three comfortable and rather shabby chairs stood around the hearth and to the left a big roll-top desk which clearly meant business and was always kept locked when its owner was absent. A heavy table stood by the window, and on it were the apparatus dear to any student—a microscope, a large globe of the world and specimens of all kinds of curious plant and insect life.

And where does "the crime of Credulity" come in? This was my father's study and most of the books were theological. Reading the titles of the closely packed shelves was a favorite childhood pastime—and several of them for some reason, have remained buried in the depths of the mind, to come forth at strange times and in strange ways—Such titles as the following "The Undenominational Reason Why", "The Critique of Pure Reason", "Fox's Book of Martyrs", "The Crime of Credulity", and a dozen others dear to the theological student of the eighteen nineties.

All right, this is where the phrase came from, now why does it appear just at this moment? Credulity?—is this what our age is suffering from? Yes and no—While we are undoubtedly among the most Credulous of all blind believers—we are on the other hand also blindly sceptical.

Let a new mass of evidence in any field be brought to light and it is received on the one hand with "Yes—didn't we always say so?—It just proves our theories"—or "No—these investigators are just fooling themselves and trying to fool the public". We are too credulous or we are too sceptical—and either attitude may lead to a disease of the mind. In the first case we accept so much that we get mental indigestion. In the second case we are so afraid to take in anything—so fearful of being deluded, so terrified of becoming ridiculous that we try to live a negative life—saying no to everything and ending up in the same condition as the diet crank who is afraid to eat a tart in case it contains sugar and starch which would be a bad combination.

Out of all this, what would seem to be the most wholesome course to follow? Perhaps we can still learn something from the child. In the few short years from birth to boyhood, the human mind takes miraculous strides. If this went on at the same pace life would be a thrilling experience, instead of becoming meaningless at thirty.

This childlike attitude is not to be confused with childishness, however. The child is open to impressions from all sides and its own experience decides which to accept and which to reject. Added to this

it has a certain dignity which is often lacking in the childish adult. The child is frankly here to learn and it learns—As soon as it begins to have opinions it stops learning.

So "The Crime of Credulity" resolves itself into the crime of mental gluttony and the "Crime of Incredulity" into the crime of overfastidiousness and fear—and the way between the two is the childlike attitude perhaps who knows?

—DORA C. HAGEMeyer

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A GREAT POET ON STERLING

By ROBINSON JEFFERS

GEORGE STERLING was the one poet I know of who made poetry purely because he loved it, as one loves and writes in early youth. With most writers the devotion soon becomes impure; there is an attitude to present or a story to tell, perhaps a reputation to make, even a cause to vindicate; some effect or other is aimed at; Sterling loved poetry for its own beauty, by lifelong unfaltering instinct. Disinterestedly; his own or another's; provided only that it had some elements of goodness.

He valued poetry as the organ of its appropriate beauty rather than as a means of expression. His life was troubled and his philosophy involved hopelessness; his face, during the two or three years since I met him, had in repose even a look of torture; he would not let his work be troubled; neither grief nor desire nor despair might enter his poems except restrained and sublimated. Accordingly his work has no ugliness and only distant passion; it is all lyrical; his dramatic and narrative poems are not great as play or story but for the lyric loveliness that fills them; for the detachable songs; and for the splendor of great lines, like these about the coming of night:

"Till that great wave whose foam is
dawn and sunset
Ebbd slowly, leaving them the stranded
stars."

Such lines as these, and their quality is constant in all his work from earliest to latest, are reserved above the reach or need of praise.

As to the man apart from his work, I have never known anyone who so incarnated the virtues emphasized not by most Christians but by the founder of Christianity. His love of humanity, his generosity, humbleness, tolerance, were so great that one thought of them with fear through the love they inspired, as sources of pain to himself and of potential weakness. He saw clearly everything in nature, from the star to the sparrow, except men and women. There his sensitiveness and his love dazzled him and haloed the object. No matter how poor he might be he would despoil himself for a friend; he would give of his life to a chance acquaintance. And it was both generosity and humbleness that led him to value the qualities of everyone's poetry but his own; and depreciate his own, always.

He lent me once a prose statement of his philosophy, some twenty pages, a condensed *De Natura Rerum*, but the thought, in the actualities of modern science, more grand and desolating than that of Lucretius. He said "I shall never publish this, it would be bad for many people, it might bring someone to suicide." He had written it especially for his friend Dreiser, tough old mastodon, who could

from LILITH

I have loved
And greatly sinned. I have been blind
indeed.
But my humanity I put not by,
Nor turn from that great Army which,
betrayed

By many captains and by many years,
Goes up against the Darkness. I am man
And portion of my brothers. I will stand
For what I call the truth, and trust that
Love

Some day shall clasp the world.

—GEORGE STERLING

THE BEAUTY MEN CREATE--

SOME ONE remarked in Carmel last week that the poet who killed himself in San Francisco the day previous had proved himself cowardly in the autonomy of his death. That is absurd. In running our mind over the men we know and know of we can think of none who could have died by his own hand with more justifiable personal privilege than George Sterling had. But to many whose knowledge of the man was principally limited to knowing of him, there is a desire to find in his death something that would substantiate their objection to his life on moral grounds. So, perhaps, justification for his self-agented end may be found in the fact that he probably left a preponderance of those who will not mourn him through their smug, complacent antipathy to him as a man.

The Avonian bard has made immortal and, unfortunately, also boringly trite, the truism about the evil men do. But like most favorite lines in a high school recitation that truisms shot with error in the facts of history. It is the beauty in a man's life that stands the wear and woof of time and blazes itself into a fixed star when one gazes up at his firmament.

The manner of George Sterling's death, his privilege if ever any man had a privilege, will fade out with those things about him that are not considered beautiful and what he did that has the power to live will justify him in the virility of its life. Any man can kill himself; any man can do the unbeautiful things that Sterling is said to have done, but only the chosen of the gods can conceive and perpetrate beauty as Sterling conceived and perpetrated it. Only a man with the courage that is genius can stand above and beyond the weakness of the flesh as Sterling will stand above and beyond it in the memory that is certain to be his.

—W. K. B.

digest strong medicines, but he would not speak publicly the thoughts that he believed without reservation to be true, for fear they might hurt someone.

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

THE GAME OF LIFE GOES ON

By HERBERT HERON

ON FRIDAY afternoon the dead body of the American poet who looked like Dante, but who wrote like nobody but Sterling, was transformed into ashes after the ceremonies in charge of the Bohemian Club, of which he had been a member for more than twenty years. He had written two of the most beautiful and memorable Grove plays, and for ten years the Club's home in San Francisco had been his home. It was right that they should honor him in death, as they had honored him in life—and as he had honored them and all California by his great gift as a poet. To his friends there was the added brilliance of his personality. Rich he was, too, in a fine courtesy and tenderness that endeared him to his friends. But all who know the English language and who can judge between true poetry and prose written in meter are richer because of him.

And our lives go on much as before. We who remain have our own work to do, our own problems to solve, our own games to play. The world does not pause when one of its billions is obliterated. Even the comparatively small part of the world that knew George Sterling paused only for a moment. But San Francisco will not be quite the same again, nor California, nor America. It is a bitter thought that he will never greet his friends again, that he will write no more of his brilliant, kindly letters in the hand writing that was so beautiful and so easy to read. And there will be no more poems in that clear script from the deep mine of his genius. Bitter thoughts, and best forgotten. We are alive, and it does us no good to think of the dead. Life calls us on. And time is very swift. Already it is Saturday, the day of the Big Game. We press our way to a window in the Ferry Building and buy our tickets for the boat. The crowd surges and jams. We rush on board. The whistle screeches and the boat moves. Out onto the marvellous green bay. How many times he crossed its waters, gazing east or west with the wind on his face and the sound of the ocean in his mind!

"The surge and suspiration of the sea,
Great waters choral of eternity."

The deck is packed close with the people going to the Game. The men are standing firmly, with subconscious thoughts of a guard or tackle holding firm on the line. Here a girl adds a little color to her lips from a metal tube in her white hand. The grey gulls float above the deck.

"The wide-winged Eagle hovered overhead;

The Scorpion crept slowly in the south

To pits below the horizon; in its mouth

Lay a young moon that bled."

Laughter from a group of business men

GOLDEN BOUGH HAS BIG LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS

EDWARD KUSTER, managing director of the Theatre of the Golden Bough, has announced the following list of subscribers to date to the 1927-28 season of plays at the theater. Kuster declares that the response to his brochure setting forth the plans of the theater for the next season has been gratifying and assures the success of the program so far outlined. He hopes, however, that there will be others who will make the ten-dollar subscription to the six major plays of the season. The list of subscribers so far is as follows:

Andrews, Miss Louise
Abercrombie, Miss Eleanor
Bigland, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick
Bickle, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas
Blythe, Samuel G.
Bechdolt, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick R.
Black, Mrs. Clarence
Botke, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelis
Baxter, Mrs. S. C.
Bostick, Mrs. Daisy
Clark, Mrs. B. G.
Chappell, Mrs. Elizabeth
Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. Delos
Corrigan, Miss Katherine
Comins, Mrs. F. B.
Catlett, Mrs. Zanetta
Clough, Miss Pamela
Denny, Miss Dene
DeYoe, Mr. and Mrs. R. C.
Durham, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott
Davidson, Dr. and Mrs. W. T.
Dorwart, Rev. and Mrs. George M.
Dierssen, Miss Laura
Doulton, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie
Dawson, Miss Pearl
Doud, James C.
Davis, Miss Virginia
Dare, Mme. Ann
Davis, Miss L. Brocklesby
Eaton, Jack
Eshman, Miss Cora
Field, Mr. and Mrs. Russell
Flanders, Mr. and Mrs. Paul
Fassett, Mrs. Myra B.
Freeman, Mrs. M. R. and the Misses
Guichard, Miss Stella
Gates, Dr. Amelia B.
Green, Miss S. C.
Gordon, Mrs. Phil K.
Gordon, Miss Kathleen
Hall, Mrs. Marion McClellan
Hunt, Mrs. Edith Ward
Hunkins, Miss M. M.
Haseltine, Miss O. B.
Harper, Mrs. Minna S.
Hollingsworth, Dr. and Mrs. R. M.
Hogle, Mrs. Maud Isabel
Hotel La Playa (10)
Heron, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert
Hecker, Charles T.
Hopkins, Mrs. Bertha
Imelman, Conrad
Kingsland, Mr. and Mrs. W. J.
Klugel, Mrs. Edward A.

Kent, Mrs. Dolores
Kellogg, Miss Clara M.
Koepp, Mr. and Mrs. Guy O.
Kocher, Dr. R. A.
Legendre, Mr. and Mrs. L. N.
Leitch, Mrs. Roberta
Ladd, Mrs. Chas. E.
Lisle, Miss H. L.
May, Mrs. M.
Morgan, T. W. Jr.
Morgan, Miss Catherine
Minges, Ora
Miller, Mrs. Alfred K.
Montgomery, Mrs. Agnes
Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. M. J.
Mower, Mrs. Mary
Nicholson, Mrs. Isabel A.
Nugent, Mrs. Alice
Newman, Miss Pauline
O'Sullivan, Miss Ellen
Payne, Mr. and Mrs. J. H.
Parkes, Mr. and Mrs. Percy
Porter, Mrs. Valentine Mott
Peckham, Mrs. Minnie Lee
Purdy, Mrs. Agnes
Parkes, Miss Helen W.
Remsen, Rem
Radgesky, Miss Marcelle
Rose, Miss Elspeth
Remsen, Mrs. Yodee
Reardon, T. B.
Silva, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. P.
Smith, Miss Mary M.
Spicker, Miss Mabel
Staniford, Mr. and Mrs. D. L.
Short, Mr. and Mrs. Frank H.
Schuyler, Gen. and Mrs. W. S.
Stinson, Mr. and Mrs. Tad
Skerry, Mr. and Mrs. A. T., Jr.
Sheppard, Mrs. Harry J.
Smith, Miss Nellie K.
Slevin, L. S.
Schoeninger, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph
Skene, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph
Shaw, Miss Ella
Thudichum, Mrs. R. B.
Tooe, Mrs. Margaret
Turner, Mr. and Mrs. J. K.
Tickle, Mr. and Mrs. E. H.
Van Riper, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. K.
Vincent, Miss Stella
Vander Roest, Mr. and Mrs. William
Watrous, Miss Hazel
Williams, Miss Emma
Wood, Mrs. Henry H.
White, Miss Elizabeth
Whitney, C. W.
Waldvogel, Miss Emma
Walton, Mrs. and Miss
Wilson, Mrs. Ida Mansfield
White, Miss Lily
Waring, Mrs. Ruth
Whiffin, Mrs. E. W.

BIG SUR AUCTION SALE BRINGS \$46,000 FOR THOUSAND ACRES

Three residents of Carmel Highlands—John O'Shea, T. M. Criley and E. H. Tickle—were among the purchasers of Big Sur property last Wednesday when 1,104 acres were sold at public auction for more than \$46,000.

The sale was conducted by George S. Gould of Salinas on instructions from

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

Charles A. Pfeiffer, administrator for the estate of Barbara Pfeiffer, who died on her Big Sur ranch recently.

Other purchasers of the property are Carmel Martin, Mrs. Corbett Grimes, Stanley Dani, Mrs. Elvania Greer, Florence R. Dani, Julia Burns, Alvin Dani, John Burns and John Pfeiffer. The majority of the purchasers are relatives of the late owner.



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The Saga of Snik

the adventures of a rat



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AMONG THE CARMEL WEAVERS

MY home now
Is in a room
They pow wow
All day long
This is right
That is wrong
Talk and weave
In and out
I'm going to leave
My name is Snik
I want to shout
They make me sick



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TITMAS SAYS MINSTRELS WILL BE A "WOW"

BILL TITMAS, who is the Pooh Ba of the Masonic Club Minstrels, is wildly enthusiastic over the rehearsals.

"If the show is only half as good as the rehearsals it will be the biggest Wow of Carmel's present musical season," he says. "In fact, it is sure to be the wowiest Wow of any musical season Carmel ever had or ever will have."

Bill continued to rave as our dramatic editor continued to read the detailed report of the Big Game last Saturday.

"Our soloists are the sweetest-voiced bunch of warblers ever gathered together to form a bright galaxy of golden-toned stars."

"That's why you play them at the Golden Bough, isn't it?" asked the foreman of the composing room, who has been sore at Bill because Willie forced him to pay four cents on a letter that should have gone for two.

"We chose the Golden Bough on account of its large seating capacity. The sale of tickets shows us that the Bough even will not be sufficient to hold the crowds in the three nights we play—Thursday, Friday and Saturday, December 2, 3 and 4—don't forget."

"Don't you have any clowns?" asked the office boy anxiously.

"Clowns? Clowns? Clowns? Hear the innocent! My boy, we have the pick of the funny men of the universe—our universe, the Peninsula—and here where six out of five think they are funny my hardest work has been to weed out the ones who insisted loudly that they were sure fire laugh getters."

"Oh Hell!" growled the dramatic editor, "Cal. played a high schol game."

"Don't forget the date—two, three and four of December," Bil shouted from the sidewalk as he left to date letters for Uncle Sam.

"If he started that with 'one' he could have sung it," the foreman laughed as he started to set up the autobiography of a gopher soon to appear in The Cymbal.

SEND YOUR BENT NICKELS TO THE ABALONE LEAGUE

The members of the Abalone League, that organization which has made Carmel famous in lieu of a chamber of commerce or Rotary club, and has actually stored up enough of a good reputation for the town to offset the dirt Aimee sprinkled on us, are after shekels. They want to improve the physical appearance of the league grounds up in Carmel woods and they want the town to contribute a part of the wherewithal to do it. This is a reasonable desire and one that should be given the joy of consuation by the citizens generally. The new baseball season in our midst starts soon and if you have

any loose funds send them into the Abalone League. The postoffice will deliver your letter of enclosure to the proper parties.

"COMMON VIRTUES" CARMEL COMMUNITY CHURCH TOPIC

Rev. I. M. Terwilliger, new pastor of the Carmel Community church, will preach on "Common Virtues" at the morning service next Sunday. At 7 o'clock in the evening there will be a meeting of the Young People's League of which V. Bane is the new president. A grand rally and party is being planned by the church for December 10.

ENGLISH ACTOR IN FILM AT GOLDEN BOUGH THIS WEEK-END

"The Only Way", a film adaptation of Dicken's "A Tale of Two Cities", created and filmed in England, and with the English actor, Sir Martin Harvey, in the leading role, will be shown at the Theatre of the Golden Bough this Saturday and Sunday evenings.

For Thursday and Friday evenings the Golden Bough is showing a Potash and Perlmutter picture, "Partners Again".

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THE CARMEL CYMBAL

COMMUNITY TREE IS PLANNED FOR CARMEL'S XMAS

IF Trustee Fenton Foster reports favorably on the plan as submitted by Mrs. Phil K. Gordon, Carmel will this year will have a community Christmas tree on Ocean avenue at the foot of the hill.

Mrs. Gordon's letter, urging the festal decoration for the children of the city, was read at the meeting of the board Monday afternoon and the matter of the participation of the city in the plan was referred to Trustee Foster who will confer with Mrs. Gordon and report back at the next meeting.



After November 29, 1926

Paul's Barber Shop

AND

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will OPEN at 9 A. M.
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Until April 1, 1927

THE BIG SHOW

8:15 P. M.
SHARP

Old Time Minstrels

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Theatre of the Golden Bough

Thursday—Friday—Saturday

December 2, 3 and 4

ALL SEATS RESERVED

\$1.00—Plus 10c Tax

Tickets on sale at Staniford's Drug
Store and Palace Drug Store, Carmel

PAST WEEK NOTED
FOR TWO EVENTS

HERE were two events of considerable importance occurring in Carmel during the past seven days—one God had a great deal to do with and the other was perpetrated by a number of his lambs. The lambs wore sheep's clothing, however; one might almost say it more closely resembled goats, and they terrorized this peaceful and endeavoring-to-be indifferent town even more than did God with his thunder and lightning on the night a few days following. Just what the red flags and the cap pistols and the shouting and the mas meeting at Arts and Crafts hall were all about nobody seems to know but the bright editors of the San Francisco and Los Angeles newspapers; to say nothing of those of the Oakland Tribune. They were amusingly beguiled by local correspondents into believing that Carmel had become an integral part of Moscow and that this city was at last to have a real industry—the manufacture and dissemination of bombs.

But it wasn't anything after all but a few boys and girls playing and those who dragged themselves down to the Arts and Crafts theater to witness the birth of a new nation or—better still—the death of this one, were granted the privileges of viewing an impromptu program free for nothing.

The little demonstration put on by the elements Sunday night was something else again. There were those cuddled down in downy couches in their huts in the pine woods here about who were not certain whether the Reds had again arisen or the vengeance of heaven was descending—a bit belated, as usual—on those who had created the turmoil of the few days previous. But that, also, blew over and, as they say, here we are again.

Incidentally, it might be remarked that the heavy rain of Sunday night, or Monday morning, was very welcome indeed, but it was no great shucks to make so much noise and commotion about.

HOWARD C. BENEDICT BURIED
IN CYPRESS LAWN CEMETERY

Following services at Palo Alto last Sunday the body of H. C. Benedict, who died at his home on Scenic Drive in Carmel on Saturday was buried in Cypress Lawn Cemetery, San Francisco. Benedict had been ill at his home here for several weeks prior to his death. He leaves a widow and one son, Charles, who were at his bedside when the end came.

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Librarian

(Continued from Page Five)
something with a purpose can be similarly
carried out that will warrant the scare.

EVERY now and then we are stag-
gered by an example of stupidity
on the part of a man whose business
brilliance has made it possible to sign his
name to a check for several thousands and
have it accepted at the bank—and without
much immediate concern on the part of
the bank officials as to whether or not
it's an overdraft.

One Samuel Hill, a railroad magnate,
as the American Magazine would inform
us, and a gentleman of many millions
some of which were left to him and some
of which his commercial acumen acquired,
recently proved himself capable of laps-
ing at times into the comatose state of a
village dullard. It was perhaps the ex-
citement of escorting a queen across the
American continent that twisted his think-
ing gears when he accepted an invitation
for his royal guest from a man who reg-
istered on the Hill concept as nothing
more than a name on the bottom of a
telegram. As a result the Queen of
Roumania was made the target of what
is considered a "social fraud" by snobs
generally and hailed as a fraud in a strange
and sudden display of newspaper enter-
prise on the part of the San Francisco
Chronicle.

A telegram from Mr. Hill to his attor-
neys in Seattle would have gained for
him the information that the presuming
Seattle "benefit manipulator" was—well,
was a paroled prisoner from San Quentin
in California, and Queen Marie might
have been saved the so-called insult that
the Chronicle so gleefully heaped upon
her.

There is, of course, a question whether
or not it was an insult after all, and wheth-
er the arm of this Millard person was or
was not as good as any to rest the hand of
royalty upon, but the point is that the
Hill crowd would have considered it un-
worthy and the Millard invitation an in-
sult if they had had enough common
sense to have determined the man's iden-
tity.

Queen Marie has surely been man-
handled on her visit to America, and it
hasn't been her fault in every instance.

And it is pretty certain that the Chron-
icle paid Millard more money for giving
it his "expose" than he made with his
benefit performance of which Queen
Marie was the unsuspecting angel.

THE national Democratic party faces
an amusing and tragic situation.
It is attacked by hysteria; it knows
not whether to laugh or weep. A light
and airy head sits on a torso bearing a sick
and acid stomach. It is all dressed up
with nowhere to go. For it the melan-
choly days have come, the gladdest of the
year.

Sitting on top of a bitter reputation of
Calvin Coolidge at the polls last Tuesday;
with a Senate safely in its hands and a
lower house at least offering it the turbul-

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

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 ALL MAKES OF CARS

ence of rank division, the party of Jefferson, Jackson and Wilson has the presidential election of 1928 by the nape of the neck—and a logical candidate who can't be elected.

When along with the defeat of Coolidge's personal candidate for United States Senator in Massachusetts, the disaster of Republican senatorial aspirants in other states, and the loss of Republican congressional seats in various parts of the country, Al. Smith rolled triumphantly back to Albany in New York, both the promise and fate of the Democratic Party for the next two years were signed and sealed. It is a party with an Austerlitz in sight and a Waterloo general at its head. Al. Smith has made himself the only possible Democratic candidate for the presidency and yet, paradoxically, with him, the party cannot win the victory that by all the principles of right and conquest belongs to it.

It is with no wish that is father to the thought that The Cymbal furthers the dissemination of the very apparent fact that Al. Smith of New York can never be elected president of the United States. It is no secret that his nomination, purely logical, would split the country in twain in a religious test at the ballot box in November of 1928, and the man whose religion is Roman Catholic will lose, no matter whether he is a Republican in party or a Democrat. This is not anything resembling a secret and the vacillating and timid editors of the daily papers who merely hint at it, but in fear of losing their circulation shy at stating it emphatically, are actually fooling no one but themselves.

Can you doubt what a member of the Free and Accepted Masons in a voting booth, alone with himself and his god, would do with a ballot on which there were two candidates for president of the United States, one a Roman Catholic and the other a protestant, or nothing? Can you doubt what a Methodist would do, or a member of the Ku Klux Klan? Can you doubt what an adherent of the Pope at Rome would do with a similar ballot? It isn't necessary to hark back to the days of Henry VIII or of Queen Elizabeth or of the Spanish Inquisition to make up your mind.

This isn't creating an issue, or bolstering it, or endeavoring to dissipate it. It is created, a fact, and nothing that the public print can do positively or with the negativeness of silence can alter the situation. It is in the nature of man. It doesn't seem to matter in city, state or even in national politics below the point of the presidency what a man's religion may happen to be, but there at the White House the line is plainly drawn and it will remain ineradicable just as long as there are more non-Catholics in the United States than there are Catholics.

For the Democratic party, with a bright sun smiling rather ironically overhead, there is nothing in 1928 but a chaos greater than that of 1924, and, incidentally, made comparatively greater by the very man who created it two years ago.

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SNICK INTERVIEWED IN THE MATTER OF THANKSGIVING

SNICK was in Kays sitting on a ledge over the fireplace. He had a red ribbon around his neck and he appeared dejected. I had heard about him and was curious to know more, so I approached him and said:

"I see that you are wearing the colors of the revolution, Snik."

Snik turned his head and slowly eyed me.

"You make me sic," he said, laconically.

That was a definite reception.

"Why do I make you sick?", I asked in the manner of a woman.

Everyone makes me sick," he answered in the manner of a man.

That was a logical answer. If everyone made him sick, then I, being one of the mass, made him sick also.

"Do you believe in revolutions?" I asked.

"No."

Why?"

"I don't believe in anything."

Another logical answer. Surely the revolution was something, but if he did not believe in anything then naturally he would not believe in revolutions.

"Were you born in this country?"

Snik threw back his head.

"Yes," he answered, proudly. "My ancestors came over in the Mawflower."

"How do you know?"

Tradition. There are about eighty millions of us whose ancestors came on the Mayflower. We honor the blood of our illustrious forefathers by staying aloof from unpedigreed rats. My lineage is the most direct and the least contaminated of all the rats in America. The name was at first spelled Snicke. Then in Washington's time for some reason the 'e' was dropped."

I interrupted.

"Speaking of Washington, what do you think of the cherry tree?"

"It makes me sick."

"Go on with your story."

"Four generations ago the 'c' was dropped and we now spell it plain S-n-i-k.

For this reason everybody and everything makes me sick."

"In this tradition that you speak of was anything mentioned about Thanksgiving?"

"Well, my forefathers almost starved to death because the Pilgrims were so particular about their food. They kept their provisions boxed tightly and the poor rats wore themselves out trying to gnaw holes in the boxes and they became so starved they could hardly walk about in search of food. Several of the rats were killed and it looked as though the race would be exterminated. But one night when the Pilgrims were asleep one ventured out into new and dangerous places and heppeden onto a sack of corn. H went back and told his fellow rats and brought all that could still walk to this newly discovered food. Holes were gnawed in the sack and when they had their fill of corn they filled their mouths with it and hid a great quantity in a forest thot was nearby so that there would be plenty for the winter. This act saved their lives and since then we celebrate this occasion once a year by filling our stomachs to the limit of their capacity. I have found it difficult to know which day we are supposed to eat so much, and if it is a day later or a day earlier it doesn't count, and so I have come to ignore the custom much to the regret of my friends who think that I have not the proper respect for my ancestors in the lack of commemoration of the luck of my forefathers in finding a sack of grain."

"Then you do not think much of Thanksgiving?"

"It makes me sick."

FIRE ORDINANCE TO BE FRAMED

AFTER each of the five town trustees have examined the draft and made their individual suggestions thereon, a proposed fire ordinance for Carmel will be put into proper shape and formally considered by the board. This was decided at a meting of the trustees Monday afternoon, called for the express purpose of hearing read the draft of the proposed ordinance submitted by Robert Leidig, chief of the fire department. It was decided that the proposed ordinance would require the appointment of a fire marshal and it was tentatively aranged that with the final adoption of the ordinance Chief Leidig would be named to fill the position of fire marshal as well.

The trustees rescinded the resolution providing plans and specifications for the municipal garage which was to have been built on Junipero stret and new plans will be prepared more adaptable for the building on the new site at Seventh avenue and Mission street.

It was voted that the superintendent of streets have power to act in the purchase of a scraper to cost \$141.

The trustees voted to remove the sand pile left by sewer contractors in front of the Carmel Community church and the

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

board was informed by Mrs. George Beardsley that she would purchase gravel to fill in the street at this point.

The next meeting of the board will be held on the evening of Monday, December 6.

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